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VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

SPARTACUS

# BUNK BUDDIES

GREEK  
MASSAGE

*Raw Meat*

By  
Appointment  
Only





# BUNK BUDDIES

## CONTENTS

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He was young and he was Greek. Searching for the student and man deprived of all natural advantages, and most of all he was willing to pay for the ways he wanted it when the conventional laws of man the first time.



12/11/2013 11:58 AM

For someone unwilling to do most anything Young and Wolfberg, he never dreamed his client would make such a brave request, and that he would get so far as that he'd jump with the rope and die. In such cases, a man



BY APPOINTMENT FROM NOV. 1

The rules of the hunting game demand that hunters be put before pleasure. But sometimes the trick, you turn out, isn't to hunt and even the most pro hunter can find his schedule as well as his [unclear] somewhat too

[illegible]



## EDITORIAL

In the enlightened seventies, homosexuality is at last being considered less of a problem than a preference. More and more people are conceding that consenting adults have a perfect right to do their own thing, life's taken a long time to reach this level of broad human understanding. The sick closet of Victorian fear and ignorance took us through decades of cruel and almost inhuman treatment of persons who practiced a sexual lifestyle that went beyond the bounds of bourgeois moral presumptions. It was probably during in the forties when it came large in the closet by insisting that sexual normalcy be defined as what a sizable percentage of the population practices in the boudoir — not what they say they do, but what they do. At last count over ten percent of the male population of America admitted being practicing homosexuals. That is a minority of sensible proportions.

The Gay Life is at last being perceived as a legitimate, healthy life style, erotic, fulfilling, affecting, and even healthy. Love is a personal choice, and the free human being in a democratic society has a perfect right to make that choice — to love whom he sees fit to love without shame or fear or condemnation.

The homosexual is out of the closet at last.

# Raw Meat





His name was Spoo, a Greek-American born in Athens who had made his home in the states since his fifteenth birthday. His body was like a piece of Golden Age sculpture and his sex preference ran high and wide into the bewitch of sucking and





fucking. Spira had been taught to love his body, to relish the hard, smooth, perfect shift of flesh that was his skin, the little firmness of his muscles and the flat, round bars of his ribs which had been reinforced year after year since he was fourteen years old,





After all, he'd laugh to himself from time to time, the Greeks invented Narcissus, didn't they? Why shouldn't I be in love with myself?

Why?

He knows why, and every now and then he'd let

his mental wander back to the old country, as his fist closed around his rock-hard throbbing cock, and he'd remember his friend Janus who taught him to love himself and how to use his own for pleasure. He and Janus would spend weekends together





in the country and go on long hikes and then shed their clothes and be in the burning Greek sun. There was something about Jesus that was so perfect, so beautiful like a Greek God.

They'd fall asleep in the sun.

And then one sun-burning afternoon, Spiro was awakened by an incredible itching sensation. It seemed to be crawling between his legs. It was Jesus' hand. He tried to squirm away from the in-



ending finger, but Jesus twisted his friends arm behind his back.

"Don't move," he said quietly. "This is your most important lesson. I've going to broaden your horizons. Spread your legs."

As if in a dream, he played.

The finger at the threshold of his asshole moved back and forth and from side to side. Jesus felt sparks of pleasure shooting up his loins. He relaxed and felt his cock berate him mouthbreasting into an erect, pulsing cannon. And then the sensation of the probing finger was replaced by some thing else even more sensational and the young Greek boy felt his body heaving upwards in convulsions of pleasure. It was something he'd never felt before. Something wet and warm and unlike him...

It was the tongue of his friend, leaving his asshole and working its way into the tight, vaginal asshole between the smooth, young muscular bars of his ass.

The tongue probed and loved and he could feel his body relaxing into it and wanting more and more. He passed his ass upwards into the hungry mouth of his friend.

"And now," said Jesus, "It's time to stretch a little. In order to truly appreciate getting big penis you must first learn to accept even the biggest tool."

And Jesus removed his face from the musky smelling asshole of his friend, and once again pressed his fingers on the now wetly lubricated



tight pink cherry asshole opening. Spina groaned as the finger pressed the tip of his ass apart and made entry. He could feel the strange pressure, but there wasn't much pain. Ah, yes, the finger felt good, so good, and his cock pulsed heavily in his groin, pressing into the grip and crawling upwards seeking the warm cavity against the belly button of his firmly muscled stomach. Ah, yes, so good, and he began to writhle his ass so that the finger could penetrate even further. But instead of the long finger pressing all the way in, he felt the channel of



his ass spread apart even further as Jones inserted still another finger. There was a twinge of pain and, his unsuspecting body leaped upwards. Then the pain receded and the pleasure of the pressure to his ass doubled. "Oh, yes," he said to his friend, "go in. Go all the way in." And the two fingers pressed in towards his prostate gland.

"Oh, my God, I'm going to cum. I'm going to cum!" he screamed, and then he felt still another finger slide the tender yielding shut chute of his ass





"Oh, no," he howled, but in another moment the overwhelming agony of the anal rape was gone and in its place a throbbing pleasure intensified by his helpless subjugation to such torture. Sparo knew now what his young friend intended to do. He intended to put all his fingers inside of his body and then press forward until his whole fist was inside, feeling that crazy until it felt as if was going to burst wide-open. The fist was going to run right up all the way inside...

Now Jonas did, in fact, shove his fist inside. Slowly he twisted it as Sparo squirmed beneath him desperately trying to crawl away from the relentless aim of his school friend. But the arm crawled into him as he bowed in protest, as agony, while shock waves of perverse ecstasy exploded under his

flesh as if his body were rained like some forbidden enemy territory in some invisible war.

The arm was all the way in now, practically up to his elbow, and Sparo was not moving now, just twitching and barely conscious. He could feel his insides being moved about as the fist pressed into the rest of his intestines... "Oh, yes, fuck me... fuck me... fuck me with your fist..."

Oh, yes, fuck me, thought Sparo to himself as he found himself wildly pulling on the rock hard shaft of his cock. He was coming back to reality now. He was alone and alone as a big house in the United States. The Greek countryside faded into the dark recesses of his mind's eyes. Nothing was left but the hunger awakened as it was so often by the first erotic memory of the first fuck in a





field of grass by ancient ruins.

After that, it was easy for Spino to let a lover's rock hand, angry red poker shaft penetrate into the bowels of his being. After that it was easy to appreciate the delicious bumping blows of a

bulging red fisthead against his prostate gland.

After that it was so easy to cum. Oh, how he loved to shoot his load while being fucked. It was as if his body had exploded from the ramming up his asshole.

# GREEK MASSAGE



And then one day Spars saw a young boy in the window of a massage parlor. The boy looked so much like his friend Jesus that Spars felt as if he'd been taken in a time machine back in to the past.

As he stared into the window the boy stared back at him. "Who are you?" He finally asked when he went inside.

"I'm your friendly neighborhood masseur, Greek Boy," was the answer he received.

And so he made arrangements to have the massage come to the big empty house the following day. The price was cheap, but Spars could afford it. He would have paid anything to have the memory of his friend Jesus brought back to life again. The boy showed up right on schedule the next day.







"I get paid by the hour," he said. "So let's get our clothes off right now and get it on."

"It's like to wait awhile," said Spino, trying the bulge in the young man's trousers, and moving is slowly so that his hand was catching the big lumps of flesh between the man's legs.

"It's your money," said the young man, "but what the hell are you paying me for? You're a young dude. You could probably get what you want cheaper."

"The money is no object," he answered.

The two were safe by tale on the couch now and Spino let his hands wander over the lean, taut body. He let his hands linger on the taut pectoral muscles, feeling the nipples harden beneath the young man's shirt. His fingers worked their way down the smooth abdomen to the rock-hard bulging, hardened head of the hidden cock. He began to knead the flesh of the cockhead slowly and sensually.





*At, yes, he thought, a slow mocha, I've taken a slow one here. And this is Jesus' body that I'm touching. Jesus' body that I am about to love.*

*"Okay, cockrucker," said*



*the按摩, opening the fly of his trousers and pulling out the huge blood engorged porker that glivined from pee-lub cum "Get down there baby."*

*Before Spino could react the*

*young man's hand was pressing his head between his legs and his mouth was tight against the smooth sticky sponginess of the purple and angry cockhead. The head changed into his mouth just*







his hungrily licking tongue, and into the depths of his throat. Deeply, pumping away like a piston. Spike began to tug at the masquer's clothes in blind frenzy. Somehow or other he got his trousers off. Somehow or other he was being pressed into naked warm flesh now. The body was burning hot and smooth as marble. He dug his hands greedily in to the buttocks and into the straining brown nipples of the client.

"Take it down to the roots—cock-sucker. Yeah, that's it. Yeah suck up my balls too. Yeah, take my balls and my cock in that big hungry mouth at the same time."

Somehow he managed to get the young man's cock and balls into his mouth. He was slurping away at that dripping hot race, brady with the mask that was oozing from the back of his head lower.

"You want me to fuck you, don't you, Greek boy? You want me to spread the cheeks of your ass and ram it all the way up your shit chute, don't you? You want to feel my cock way up inside you pressing against your prostate, and making you groan from the pressure of it that was stomped up inside your balls."

The masquer didn't let Spike





answer. His mouth was full of cockmeat and his burglar's teeth hung widely from desire. Oh, how he wanted to be allowed in two by the cock that was pressing its way down into the depths of his throat.

Suddenly the masseur released his head and pulled away.

"Well, that's what I'm here for. I'm here to give you a prostate massage."







Spero felt his clothes being savagely torn from his body, and then suddenly the titanic hands of the young man were spreading the cheeks of her ass and the young man's body was on top of hers.

"Wow, you're beautiful," he

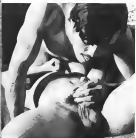
said. "I'm gonna love that pro state massage. I'm gonna make you howl with pleasure from the way spanking it is going to give you."

Spero was flat on his belly and the young man yanked him up by his hips and shoved his

hips forward so that his ass was high in the air. Then from out of nowhere he produced a vibrator. The electronic whining sound underscored the moaning of the ecstatic young Greek. Suddenly he felt a wave of incredible sensation in the head









of the vibrator-dildo forced the sphincter muscle apart and glowed slowly into his bowels as if his sex were for the first time being made ready for planting. The vibrator forced the soft, resistant walls of his rectum apart.

"Oh fuck me! Fuck me good! Deeper! Oh deeper! All the way in! All the way!"

Somewhere and without his knowing the vibrator had been replaced in his ass by the real thing. His state of erotic semi-consciousness was so intense and the fitness of his hand lover so prickly perfect that he did not feel the moment of exchange from the dildo to the dark, but from that semi-conscious level of groping agonizing ecstasy he was gradually aware that the young man's sticky porker was









inside him now and plowing the hungry brown folds of his aching inner sea.

He felt the cock begin to convulse madly inside him. The spasms sent his insides erupting loudly leaping upwards and he could feel the white gobs exploding inside his body like liquid dynamite.

He lay there panting for a long time after it was over, the hard







lover's moist skin nestled way up inside him against the soft layers of his aching prostate.

The young man withdrew his cock from the Greek's sex slowly.

"Some damage?" he whispered and his voice was breathless from the sudden draining of energy.

"Now I want you to do something for me."

"What?" Spino murmured, gradually descending to the risks of

risking.

"Like, you're really a trippy piece of ass, and I'd like you to fuck me. That's why I didn't make you cum. I want you to spray it all out inside my sex hole."

They reversed positions and Spino jutting his twitching cock between the butt of his lover's asshole. He felt an excitement he'd never before felt. That





beautiful boy wanted to be fucked by him! He reached beneath and grabbed the researcher's cock. It was slippery with cum. He massaged the cock until his fingers were wet and sticky and then rubbed his fingers into the willing asshole that lay beneath him. Slowly the raw bud of the submissive as began to yield to





the missing fingers, and Spiro pressed them into the tight canal. The masseur groaned from pleasure. *Go-ate!* He had to be gentle. At last! He slowly rotated his fingers, feeling the elastic walls yield to his touch. Then he pressed his hand throbbing sponge cockhead between in the cleft of the waiting ass.

"Easy," said the masseur. "I've got a small asshole. Go-ate!" The masseur opened his mouth and began to take deep







breaths, and as Sporo put his feet in the open mouth, he pressed his hips forward so that his pulsing cock shaft slowly divided the vulnerable bars beneath him. The young man moaned and then began to move his body up and down to the rhythm of his heavy pistons.

"Oh, shit, oh, Goddies,"

Sporo found himself screaming as the muscular buttocks slammed into his hips, imprisoning his cock deep inside them. He could feel the woman trying to lay down on his feet from the painful mystery of the riveting sex fuck, but his mouth was open to wail and the fat kept it from being able to close over it.





He was coming now! Yes, he could feel himself vibrating from the pleasure of fucking his fucker. Energy seemed to be

flowing from all parts of his body to his pulsing penis, but just from his balls but from his inner thighs, from his own arsing

and flattened fuck-wrecked asshole.

His body heaved forward and his cock remained its very own to









the woman's agonized and vibrating slit shrout. The young man's body front as the porter seemed to penetrate the secret area of erogenous pleasure deep inside her.

Sporn's hungry cock erupted like a suddenly awakening volcano. The cum exploded and rocketed inside the writhing sex that lay skinned on the Greek's shaft of flesh.

The Greek Massage, he knew at last, was a two-way street.



# By Appointment Only

Minutes, or was it hours later, as they both lay spent on each others arms, Spino could hear a distant bell ringing. He finally realized it was the telephone. He answered it. It was a business call and he had to go somewhere and listen to someone outside.

When he hung up, the young band lover turned toward him. "You're a musician?" he asked.

"Yes, and what's your name, my musician?"

"Names aren't important in business," said the young man.

"I didn't think it was all business."





"Sometimes business can be a pleasure. But it doesn't mean anything. I'm a mirror, that's all you have to know."

"Stay as long as you like, I'll be back in about two hours," said Spino. Then he dressed quickly and left.

The young mirror walked straight the house for a while. It was a big, spacious place, and his client was a humpy man, that was for sure. He'd never been naked before and didn't really know why he suddenly wanted the dude to do him. Oh, sure, he was pretty, but that had never made him





bag to get fucked before. And yet somehow, that time, it seemed only fair, only right, that what had happened was incredible. Just the thought of his client's perfect tearing into him as it had a few hours earlier gave him a closer taste of the shakes. His cock suddenly oriented upwards and began to get hard.

"Easy, old friend," he said to his cock as if it were alive and had ears. "But that doesn't mean you have to come across. We're in this together for the dough, remember? For dough we do any



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young Greek, felt, ate, shit on me and even screw  
me myself." Then suddenly it dawned on him that  
his Greek friend hadn't paid him.

"Son of a bitch. Fucking son of a bitch!" He  
went tearing through the house. Of course, the  
duke had left the money on the coffee table.  
Of course, he was too greedy! He couldn't  
see that off!



The money was there. All fifty bucks. What a  
good dude the Greek was, and what a fine body he  
had. In his mind's eye, he saw the young Greek  
flashing money and smiling. Fifty bucks?  
Yes, fifty bucks was a pretty lot. He usually  
changed twenty. Maybe he should throw in the  
extra fuck for nothing. After all the dude hadn't  
asked for it. It had been his own bright idea, so











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near.

And that's what Jesus had done. Jesus had given him an ancient silver ring when he was about to return to the stars.

"What is this for?" he asked.

"For you love," he had said, and then he spread the cheeks of his costume as apart and dabbed his

tongue inside furiously, licking and sucking and licking the smooth walls of him where his had been, the short oral tension made his course about his waist all over the stars.

"Whenever someone touches your ass, you will remember me," Jesus told him.

And he hadn't let anyone touch him that way.







Maybe because he thought he was protecting the memory. Or maybe because he wanted to forget because Jason had died of a brain tumor only a month later.

And now suddenly there was another Greek in his life. The notion occurred if he should wait, he

thought, we could make our own sick-fuck movie together.

No, he'd better go, he thought. Business was business. Sex by appointment only, that was his motto.

He waited.

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